A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

No. 80
12th AUG. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10d. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 6c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/-(10d.)

INSIDE: DAREDEVIL VERSUS THE OWL!

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

THE COLLECTOR HAS STOLEN CONSTABLE JACK BENNY'S PRICELESS VIOLIN TO ADD TO HIS CROOKED COLLECTION...

EITHER YOU LET ME KEEP MR. BENNY'S STRADIVARIUS... OR YOU DIE!

BOB KANE

THAT'S A PRETTY ROTTEN CHOICE!

IF HE FIRES THAT GUN, HE'LL DIE!

SOMEONE HAS PLUGGED THE BARREL! IT WILL EXPLODE IN HIS FACE!

A CHILDISH BLUFF TO TEST MY NERVE, BATMAN — AND I'M CALLING YOUR BLUFF!

IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE — DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER!

DON'T BE TIRESOME, BATMAN! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS GUN!

A TRICK!

A TREAT!

DYNAMIC ACTION OVER THE RAILS TOO, BATMAN!

© Odhams Press, Ltd., England, 1967

WHEN THE BAT TWINE PULLS THE TRIGGER, YOU'LL SEE WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU!
RUBBISH! I SHOULD HAVE SHOT YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE

LET'S SEE... IT TOOK YOU EXACTLY 6 HOURS, 59 MINUTES, 57 SECONDS TO RECOVER MY STOLEN STRAD--
--AT $1,000 AN HOUR FOR OUR SERVICES--
--PAYABLE TO THE GOTHAM CITY SYMPHONY SOCIETY!

MR. BENNY IS DOING A CONCERT WITH THE GOTHAM CITY SYMPHONY TOMORROW NIGHT!
HOLY YEHUDI!
--AND I'D LIKE YOU AND BATMAN TO BE MY GUESTS!

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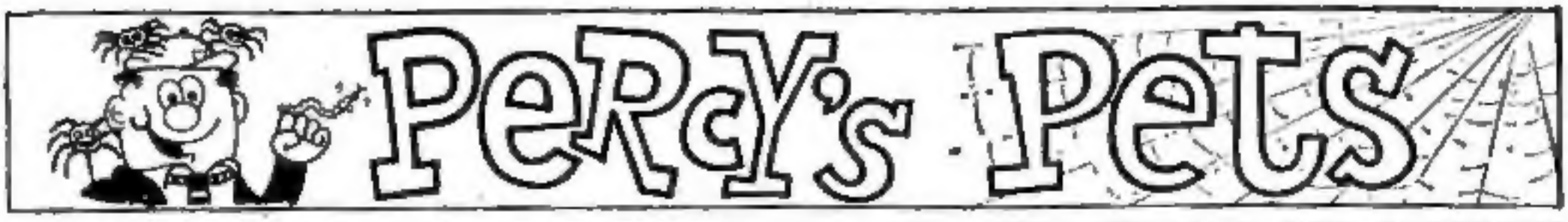
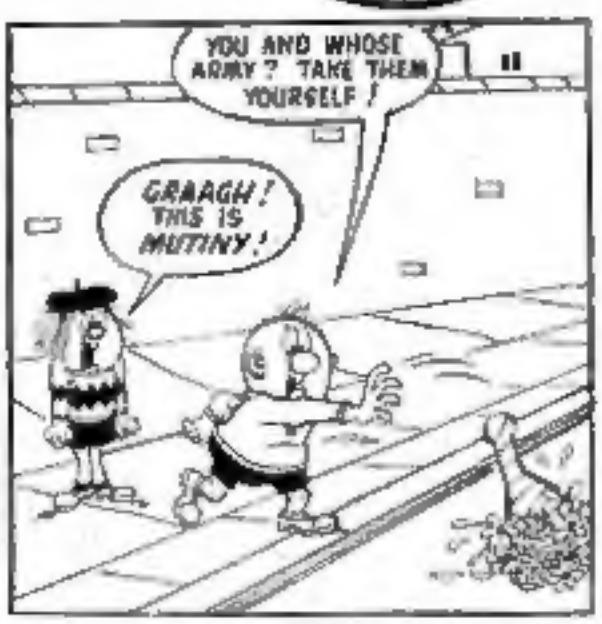
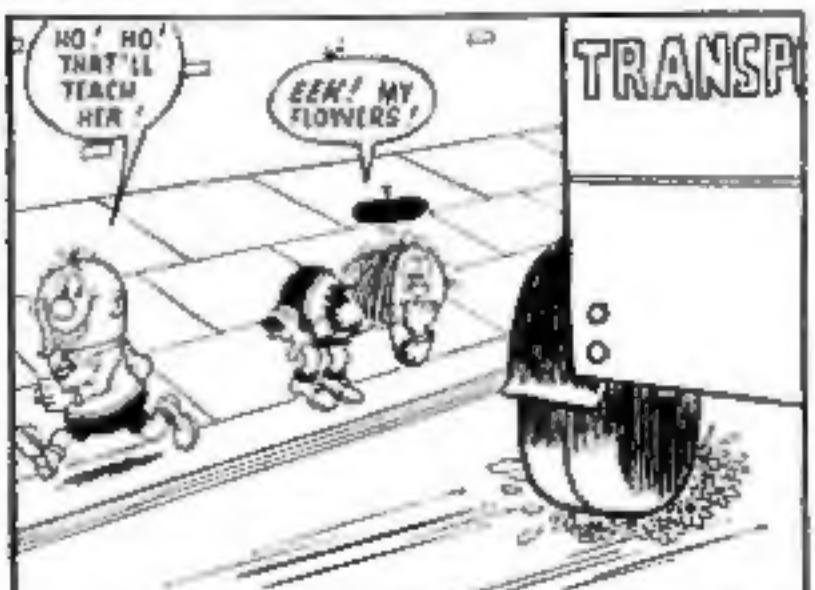
Percy's Pets

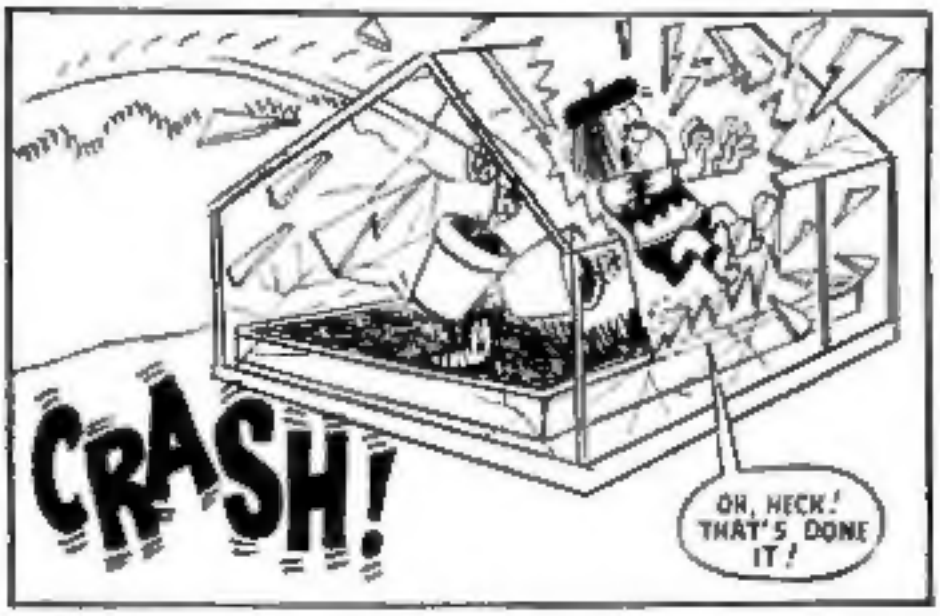

OH, BOY! THAT WILL BE A FOUR AT LEAST!
ZOK!
OWZAT?
IT'S MY TURN TO BAT NOW!
HUH! I DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THAT LOT!
BET THAT BIG TWERP DOESN'T STOP THIS ONE!
YAHOO! I'LL GET HIS MIDDLE STUMP!
AAGH! CHEATS! THE STUMP MOVED! CHEATS! CHEATS!
NOT OUT! HEH! HEH!
GRR! YOU LOT DON'T PLAY FAIR! IT JUST ISN'T REAL CRICKET!
I DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST FIELDERS WITH EIGHT ARMS!
AND THAT BIG TWERP GETS ALL THE HIGH BALLS! HE'S NOT A LONG LEG—HE'S A LONG NECK!
EITHER WE PLAY WITH REAL STUMPS OR I DON'T PLAY AT ALL!
SUITS US!
AND SO...
IT'S MY TURN TO BAT AGAIN— IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!
NO DANGER FROM THAT ONE! IT'S A WIDE—IT'LL MISS THE STUMPS BY A MILE!
RIGHT, LADS—ALL TOGETHER! ALL TO ONE SIDE!
CRACK!
OWZAT? OUT!
OH, NO! THOSE ROTTEN WOODWORMS!
BOWLER
BAH! I'M NOT PLAYING WITH YOU LOT ANY MORE! I'M OFF TO PLAY TIDDLYWINKS!
THAT BLOKE JUST CAN'T TAKE A BEATING!

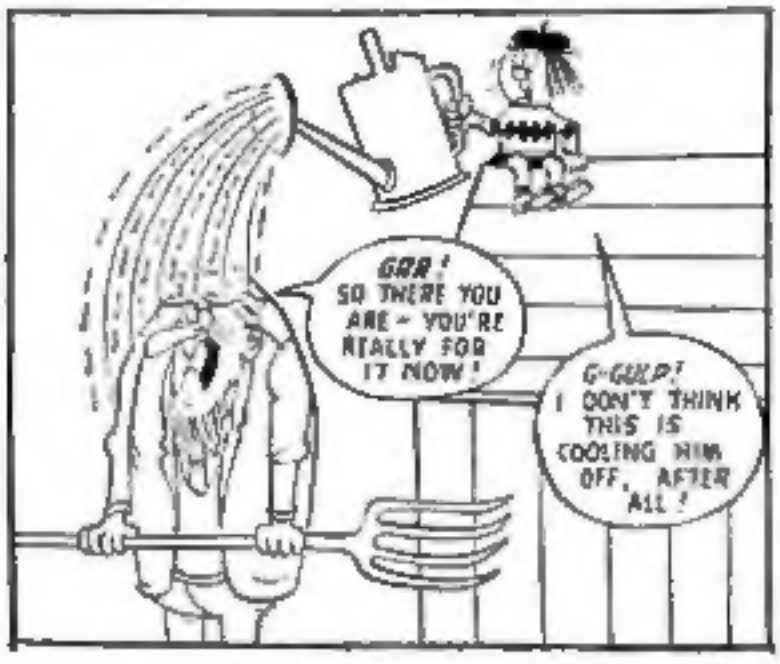
BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967









YOU SEIZE HER, SAMSON – MY OLD LEGGIES AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE!

I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER MYSELF! WHEEZE!

BASH HER WITH YOUR CRUTCH, BOY!

WHERE IS SHE? THE OLD PEEPERS AREN'T SO KEEN NOW, EITHER!

HA! HA! THERE'S SOMETHING THERE! ARF!

BLATTER!

AAGH! IT'S ME, YOU CLOT! BURBLE! BURBLE!

CAUGHT HER THIS TIME! HEH! HEH!

BLAT!

WHAT A COUPLE OF TWERPS!

BUZZ!

SWIPE!

?

AAGH! A BLINKING GREAT, HAIRY BEE! SOMEONE BLATTER IT!

I'LL TEACH HER – TRYING TO BLATTER ME!

GANGWAY! I'M COMING OVER!

3 FT. JUMP

AIEE!

20 FT. DROP.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!

COO! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF! I DON'T THINK I'LL EVEN BOTHER TO STING HER NOW!

SPLAT!

MUCH LATER...

WARD 10½

YOUR GRANNY'S BROUGHT YOU SOME FLOWERS, PENNY!

BAH! IT WAS MEANT TO BE THE OTHER WAY AROUND!

TEMPERATURE CHART

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

HERE'S AN EARTH-SHAKING ITEM that's REALLY going to knock you TERRIFIC fans out of your trees! YOU never thought it could happen! Even WE never thought it would happen! But . . . happen it WILL! The mighty AVENGERS team is going to be broken up! Not by some triumphant super-villain we hasten to add (that would be stretching credulity TOO far!) No, it's merely due to the wind of change! Plus the fact that THOR and IRON MAN have their time cut out crime-clobbering in FANTASTIC plus the fabulous fact that GIANT-MAN/Ant-Man and lovable little JAN THE WASP are going to star in their own brand new series! But what about THE AVENGERS??? Well, a glittering galaxy of super-heroes (and one super-heroine) will take on that hallowed name! (And here's something else for the book! They are all reformed super-VILLAINS!) But as we were saying—WHO are they? None other than . . . That awesome wonder-archer HAWKEYE! The mighty mover himself — QUICKSILVER! And to give our peerless pages a touch of SEX-appeal—Wondrous Wanda, THE SCARLET WITCH! Shield-slinging CAPTAIN AMERICA will boss-man this new team which (and we'll shout it from the mountains) will be great! GREAT! GREAT!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

S. P. Spurden, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Gwen Davis, Woking, Surrey; Peter Mybill, Downend, Bristol; D. Kersbaw, Liverpool 10; Richard Kleeman, Stuttgart, W. Germany; Martin Lawson, Dunstable, Beds.; Michael Meekly, Carlisle, Cumberland; Mark Hacking, Lever, near Bolton; Paul Turner, Farnham, Surrey; Paul Torrance, London, SE11; Miss G. Smith, Bredbury, near Stockport; Colin Lewis, Belfast, N. Ireland; Barbara Clipson, Barton-on-Humber, Lincs.; Ian Harvey, Plymouth, Devon; Christopher Lamp, West Norwood, SE27; Nicholas Field, Doncaster, Yorks.; Michael Boddy, Wells, Somerset; Michael Conder, Houghton-le-spring, Co. Durham; Martin Vince, Merton, London, SW19; David Deegan, Dublin 4, Ireland.

WHEN does this mighty happening happen? September 16th (th sees A-Day! (as well as for the first of the Giant-man/Wasp sagas). But, before then, there's going to be an unforgettable build-up for you Avenger fans! In the previous issues of TERRIFIC you'll see the wheels of frantic fate rolling! You'll meet the new team as they start getting together! You'll . . . well, don't even turn this page till you've dashed out to your nearest newsagent and placed your advance order . . . for TERRIFIC!!

BOMBSHELL news for you frantic followers of DAREDEVIL. Not only is he grappling with that overlord of crime THE OWL in SMASH, but he is also the subject of a magnificent, full-colour pin-up portrait in FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC this week! Why have we featured him in BOTH weeklies at the same time? Simply to meet the HUGE demand from you Powermen? It's a fantastic fact! We knew The Man Without Fear would be popular! But his fan-following is growing faster than a QUICKSILVER take-off! Have you sampled DAREDEVIL in SMASH? If not . . . Holy Hesitation! Why not!

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BABY SMASHER

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BATTLES THE OWL, OVERLORD OF CRIME!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1964

THE EVIL OWL NEEDS A LAWYER—AND PICKS ON MATT MURDOCK, A TIMID BLIND MAN. BUT 'NUFF SAID—LET US JOIN MATT IN THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...

WHAT'S WRONG, MATT?? YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING DOWNHEARTED ALL DAY! ANYTHING WORRYING YOU, PARTNER?

I THINK YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD, MR. MURDOCK! PERHAPS IF YOU...

NO, I'M OKAY! FORGET IT!

I CAN'T VERY WELL TELL THEM HOW DISTURBED I AM THAT I LET THE OWL GET AWAY FROM ME! I FEEL LIKE A FOOL!

MR. MURDOCK, I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE ME TO MENTION THIS, BUT I CAN'T STOP WISHING YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT NOT WANTING AN EYE OPERATION! IF THERE'S A CHANCE OF YOUR REGAINING YOUR SIGHT, ISN'T IT WORTH TAKING?

I KNOW YOU MEAN WELL, KAREN! AND I APPRECIATE IT! BUT... I'VE LEARNED TO LIVE WITH MY AFFLICTION! PERHAPS WE CAN DISCUSS THIS SOME OTHER TIME!

RIGHT NOW IT'S PAST QUITTING TIME! SO YOU JUST RUN ALONG! THERE'S NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT!

VERY WELL! I REALIZE I HAD NO RIGHT TO OFFER YOU PERSONAL ADVICE! I'M SORRY IF I SPOKE OUT OF TURN! IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

IF ONLY I COULD FORGET HIM! WHY DO I TORTURE MYSELF SO? I MEAN LESS THAN NOTHING TO HIM!

HER PULSE RATE IS ALWAYS SPEEDING UP WHEN SHE'S NEAR ME! I CAN HEAR IT! I WONDER...?

NO... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD SHE EVER BE INTERESTED IN ME?! AND YET...!

WAIT! THAT ODOUR! THE SCENT OF A BIRD!... AN OWL! COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL! BUT THAT OFFICE IS VACANT!

CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! I HATE TO LIE, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET FOGGY OUT OF HERE... SO I CAN CHANGE!

DON'T YOU HEAR KAREN'S TONE OF VOICE WHEN SHE LEFT, FOGGY? EVEN IF I COULD TELL SHE WAS DISAPPOINTED BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T OFFER TO WALK HER HOME!

REALLY, MATT?! GOSH, I'LL GO RIGHT AFTER HER! MAYBE I CAN STILL CATCH HER! YOU'RE A REAL PAL!

AND, NO SOONER DOES MATT MURDOCK HEAR THE DOOR CLOSE ON THE ANTEROOM, THAN...

AND NOW... EXIT MATT MURDOCK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW... BECAUSE... HERE COMES... DAREDEVIL!!

AS SURE-FOOTED AS A PUMA... AS SILENT AS A LEOPARD... AS FEARLESS AS A TIGER... THE MASKED ADVENTURER STEPS OUT UPON THE NARROW LEDGE WHICH ENCIRCLES THE UPPER FLOORS OF HIS OFFICE BUILDING, AND THEN, EVERY SENSE KEYED TO ITS HIGHEST PITCH, HE INCHES TOWARDS THE ADJOINING OFFICE WINDOW...

THE MUFFLED WHISPERS FROM THE NEXT OFFICE ARE LIKE ROARING SHOUTS TO ME! THERE ARE THREE MEN IN THERE... AND ONE IS, WITHOUT ANY DOUBT, THE OWL!

THE HEART-BEATS ARE SLIGHTLY TO MY RIGHT... ABOUT FIVE FEET AWAY!

JUDGING BY THE DEPTH AND PITCH OF THE BREATHING, THE MEN WITH THE OWL ARE OPPOSITES! ONE, TALL AND THIN... THE OTHER, SHORT AND HUSKY!

IT'S DAREDEVIL!!

CRASH

I DUNNO WHAT HE'S *DOIN'* HERE, BUT YOU WANT *ME* TO TAKE CARE OF HIM, OWL?

LET *ME* DO IT, BOSS! I HAVEN'T HAD ANY *PRACTICE* FOR A WHILE!

THEY CALL HIM "BOSS"... SO THEY'RE IN HIS EMPLOY! BUT WHAT ARE THEY DOING *HERE*... NEXT DOOR TO MATT MURDOCK?!!

HE'S UP FOR GRABS, BOYS! YOU CAN *BOTH* HAVE HIM! NO CORNY MASKED ACROBAT IS GOING TO STOP THE OWL FROM GETTING HIMSELF A LAWYER!

SO *THAT'S* IT! HE'S HERE TO TRY TO MAKE MATT MURDOCK HIS LAWYER!

YOU BACK ME UP, SAD SAM! I'LL TACKLE 'IM FIRST!

OKAY... GO AHEAD!

A GUY WHO CAN BEAT A *GORILLA* WITH HIS BARE HANDS WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH ONE COSTUMED CLOWN!

THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK, FELLA! I'M A LOT HARDER TO *CATCH* THAN ANY OF YOUR GORILLA FRIENDS!!

HEY!! HOW'D YOU GET THERE SO FAST?!!

JUST LUCKY, I GUESS! NOW TAKE A DEEP BREATH... YOU'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE *RIDE!*

YEEEOW!

SINCE LOSING MY SIGHT, MY SENSE OF *BALANCE* IS SO ACUTE THAT I COULD DO THIS ALL DAY WITHOUT DROPPING HIM!

BUT THERE MUST BE *BETTER* WAYS TO SPEND A DAY!

I'LL WAIT TILL HE'S POSITIONED ON LINE WITH WHERE I HEAR THE *OTHER* TWO BREATHING... AND THEN I'LL LET HIM GO!! *NOW!!*

LOOK OUT, YOU CLUMSY FOOLS!

WHAM!

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE FAINT "CLICK" OF A TRIGGER BEING COCKED SOUNDS LIKE A LOUD EXPLOSION TO THE HYPERSENSITIVE EARS OF *DAREDEVIL!*

UH-OH! A SHOT IS ABOUT TO BE FIRED! I'VE GOT TO CALCULATE THE ANGLE AND DISTANCE JUST FROM THE SOUND OF THAT *CLICK!*

CLICK!

THEN, QUICKLY DRAWING HIS UNIQUE BILLY CLUB CANE - WEAPON, DAREDEVIL MAKES A LIGHTNING MOVE BACKWARDS, OUT OF THE INTENDED LINE OF FIRE, WHILE HE PERFORMS THE DAZZLING FEAT OF ACTUALLY *BATTING* THE BULLET AWAY FROM HIM!

PLINK!

IT'S *UNCANNY!* HIS REFLEXES ARE LIGHTNING SWIFT!

HUH!

BUT, SENSATIONAL THOUGH HE IS, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR CANNOT ANTICIPATE *EVERYTHING!* AND SO IT IS THAT THE EVENTS OF THE NEXT FEW SECONDS ARE ABOUT TO TURN HIS NEAR VICTORY INTO ONE OF HIS MOST BITTER *DEFEATS!* FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT, *KAREN PAGE* ENTERS THE SCENE...

I LEFT MY PURSE ON MY DESK! IT'S LUCKY I REMEMBERED... *OHH!*

A *FIGHT!*... IN THE OFFICE NEXT DOOR!! WHAT'S GOING *ON...?!!*

A GIRL!!

KAREN'S VOICE!! I'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE!

KAREN! RUN!! DON'T WASTE A MINUTE!! BEFORE THEY GET YOU... RUN!!

BUT THE BEWILDERED GIRL, TRANSFIXED BY SHOCK AND UNCERTAINTY, STANDS ROOTED TO THE SPOT, UNTIL THE QUICK-THINKING OWL REACHES OUT, AND...

I DON'T KNOW WHO SHE IS, DAREDEVIL... BUT I CAN SENSE THE CONCERN IN YOUR VOICE! SO, SURRENDER TO ME IMMEDIATELY... OR ELSE!

GOOD WORK, BOSS!

LET ME DOWN! NO! DON'T... HELP!!

AND THEN, REALIZING THE GRAVE DANGER THE INNOCENT GIRL IS IN, DAREDEVIL'S VOICE GRIMLY UTTERS THE TWO WORDS HE HAD NEVER EXPECTED TO SAY WHILE A SPARK OF LIFE REMAINED WITHIN HIM!

I SURRENDER!

DAREDEVIL! YOU KNEW MY NAME! HOW? WHERE DID WE...?!

NO TIME FOR THAT NOW! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!

I'VE GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL...! I FORGOT THAT DAREDEVIL ISN'T SUPPOSED TO KNOW KAREN PAGE! I ALMOST GAVE MYSELF AWAY!

I'LL USE YOUR OWN BLASTED BILLY CLUB TO KEEP THESE ROPES TIGHT, WISE GUY!

LATER, BACK AT THE AVIARY OF THE OWL...

I'M IN SOME SORT OF LARGE CAGE! JUDGING BY THE SLIGHT AIR MOVEMENT ABOVE ME, IT'S DANGLING EXACTLY EIGHT AND A HALF FEET FROM THE CEILING... AND FROM THE SOUND OF THE OWL'S VOICE, IT'S TEN FEET FROM THE FLOOR!

ESTIMATING THE TIME IT TAKES AN ECHO TO BOUNCE BACK FROM THE WALLS, IT'S A HUGE ROOM, ROUGHLY 325 FEET IN DIAMETER! THAT TELLS ME ALL I NEED TO KNOW... FOR NOW!

I HOPE MY TWO GUESTS WILL BE COMFORTABLE! IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU NEED, JUST RING FOR ROOM SERVICE!

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE OMINOUS OWL TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND LEAVES THE LARGE CHAMBER! MOMENTS LATER, WE FIND HIM ON HIS PERCH, OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON, AS HE PLANS HIS NEXT SINISTER MOVES...

ONCE THE UNDERWORLD LEARNS THAT I HAVE CAPTURED THE FEARLESS DAREDEVIL, NO OTHER CRIMINAL WOULD DARE TO DISPUTE MY LEADERSHIP! SOON, EVERYONE WILL ACKNOWLEDGE ME AS THE OVERLORD OF CRIME!

AND THEN, THE OWL RETURNS TO HIS TWO WAITING HENCHMEN...

I WANT YOU TO CONTACT EVERY TOP GANGSTER AND MOB LEADER IN THE CITY! TELL THEM THAT THEIR NEW OVERLORD, THE OWL, IS GOING TO DELIVER DAREDEVIL TO THEM! THAT WILL PROVE MY POWER! GO AT ONCE!

BUT WHAT IF THEY WON'T COME, BOSS?!

YOU BRAINLESS FOOL?! YOU ARE NEVER TO QUESTION THE OWL'S ORDERS! WHEN THEY HEAR THAT I HAVE CAPTURED DAREDEVIL, NOTHING WILL KEEP THEM AWAY! NOW GO!!

SO! HE INTENDS TO HAND ME OVER TO THE UNDERWORLD IN ORDER TO BECOME THEIR CHIEF! I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT MYSELF, NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS, BUT...

...I CAN'T LET ANY HARM COME TO KAREN! I'VE GOT TO SET HER FREE! SOMEHOW!

THEN THE MASKED SWASHBUCKLER ONCE AGAIN EXECUTES A FEAT OF AMAZING MUSCLE CONTROL, AS HE FLEXES HIS MUSCLES IN SUCH A WAY THAT HE EXERTS JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF PRESSURE TO SNAP THE CENTRE CATCH ON HIS BILLY CLUB WEAPON...!

CONCEALED HINGE.

WHATEVER I DO, MUST BE DONE NOW... WHILE HIS TWO MUSCLE MEN ARE GONE!

THEN, ONCE THE PRESSURE HAS BEEN SLACKENED, IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER FOR THE SUPERBLY TRAINED DAREDEVIL TO SNAP THE NOW-LOOSENED CORDS...

IT'S LUCKY THAT HE DIDN'T SUSPECT MY CANE WEAPON IS HINGED IN THE CENTRE!

SNAP!

I ALWAYS KNEW THIS THIN FLEXIBLE COTTER PIN WOULD COME IN HANDY SOME DAY! I'VE GOT TO REMOVE IT CAREFULLY... CAREFULLY... MUSTN'T DROP IT! AHHH, THERE!

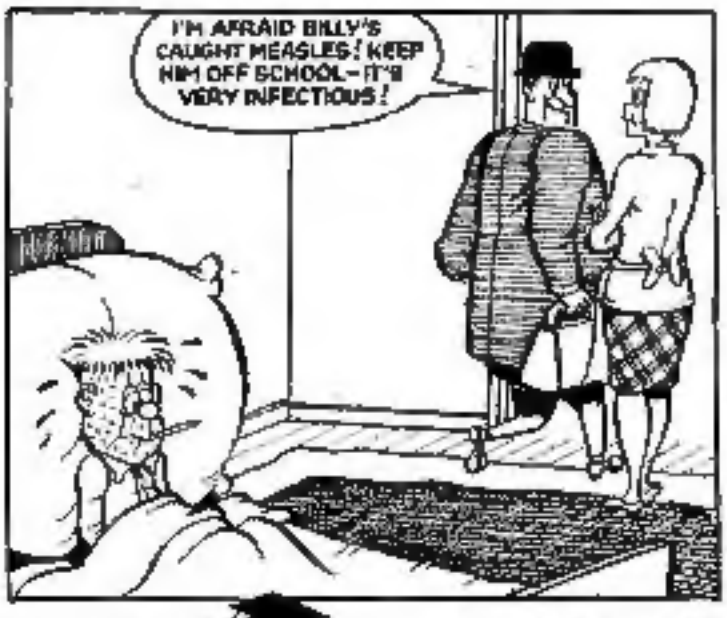
THOUGH HIS EYES ARE SIGHTLESS, DAREDEVIL'S HYPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS QUICKLY FEEL THE PERIMETER OF THE CAGE UNTIL THEY REACH A SMALL KEYHOLE! THEN, WITH THE UNERRING PRECISION OF A TRAINED LOCKSMITH, HE MANIPULATES THE PIN, UNTIL...

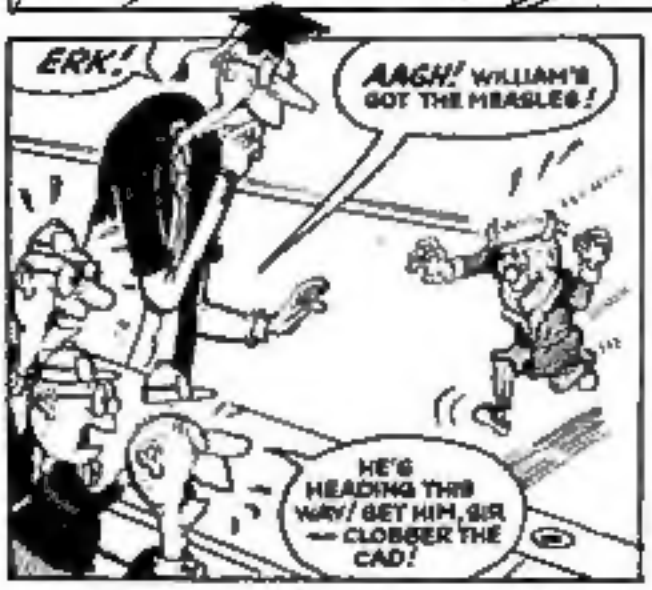
CLICK!

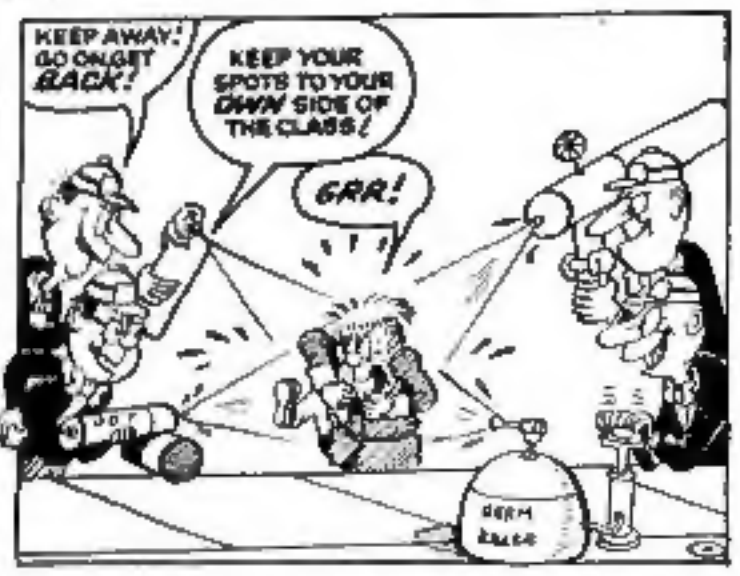
I DID IT! IT'S OPEN!

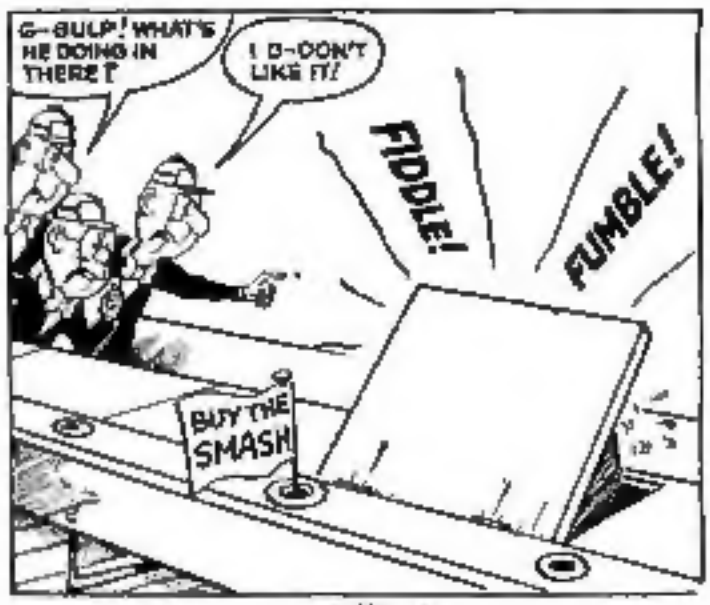
IT'S BEEN EASY FOR YOU SO FAR, DAREDEVIL, BUT BEWARE THE CUNNING OF THE OWL IN NEXT WEEK'S SUPER ISH!

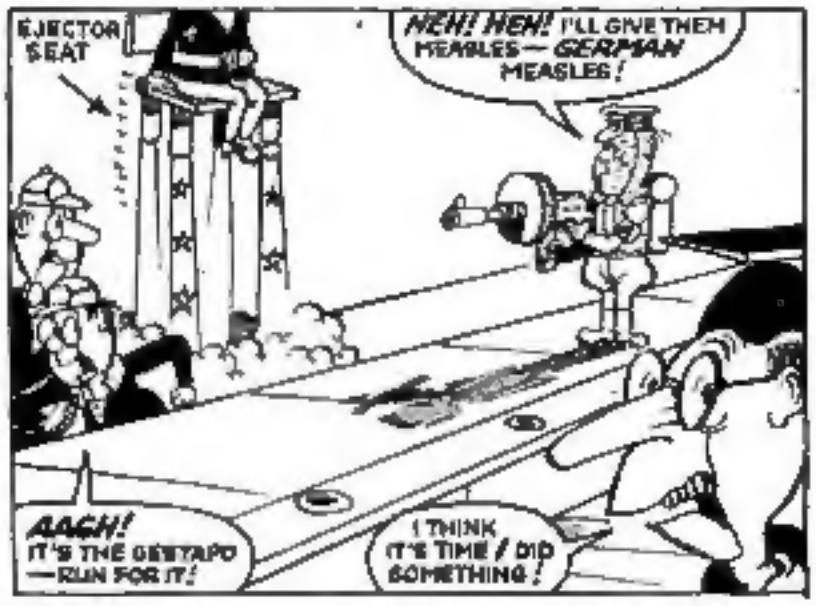
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

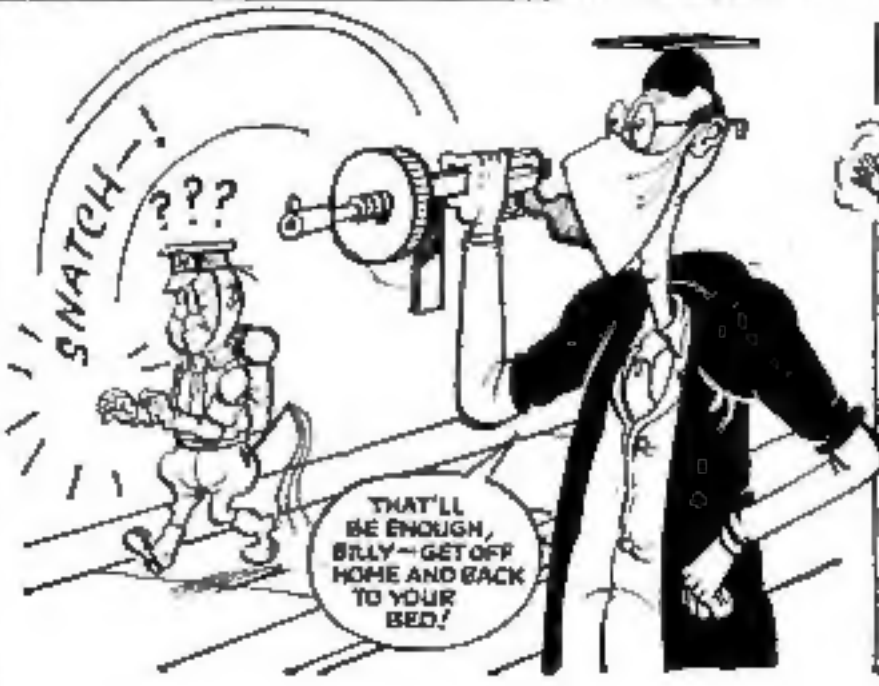












G-DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL I'VE GOT!

WHAT'S HE ON ABOUT?

OH, NO!

THAT'S MY LOT, SIR — FOURPENCE HA'PENNY — A SECOND HAND LUMP OF CHEWING GUM AND ALL THAT TRASH!

AAHA! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

TAKING MONEY FROM PUPILS BY FORCE — YOU'RE REALLY FOR IT THIS TIME!

YEAH! HE'S A REAL MEAN CHARACTER!

G-BUT! B-BUT!

IT'S A FRAME-UP — SIR IS INNOCENT!

SILENCE IN COURT! HEH! HEH!

BLAT!

BURBLE!

NOW THEN, MY BOY — THE TRUTH!

THE TRUTH IS — I'VE GOT THE MEASLES, MATE!

???

AAGH! SO HE HAS! AAGH!

BLOOH! WHAT A WAY TO TREAT AN INVALID!

WAA-AAH! TO THE HOSPITAL! I'VE BEEN SMITTEN!

???

???

I'M OFF HOME — I THINK I'LL GET OUT WHILE I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE!

ZOOM!

BACK IN SCHOOL ..

BILLY DIDN'T MANAGE TO GIVE THOSE SWOT TWERPS THE MEASLES BUT HE SURE DID US A GOOD TURN..

YOU SEE IT'S SPOTTED DICK FOR DINNER! NO! NO!

NO! NO! AND JUST THE SIGHT OF SPOTS MAKES THEM FEEL SICK!

DOUBLE HELPING FOR US! YAHOO — GOOD OLD BILLY! SLURP!

SLURP!

CANTEEN

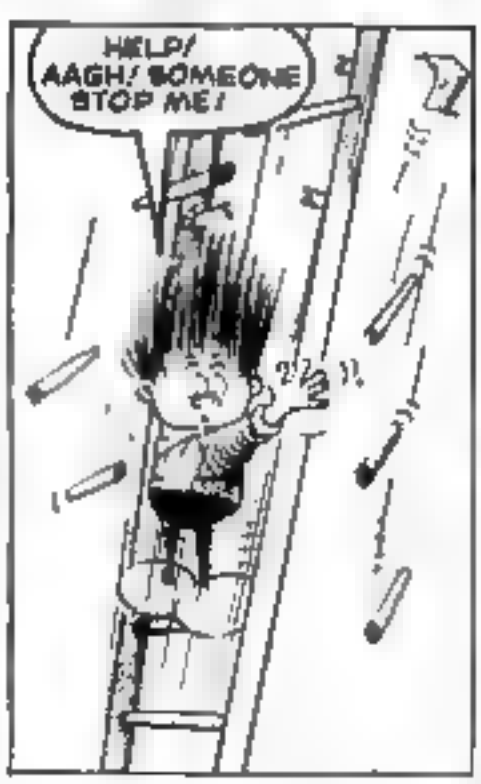
GROAN!

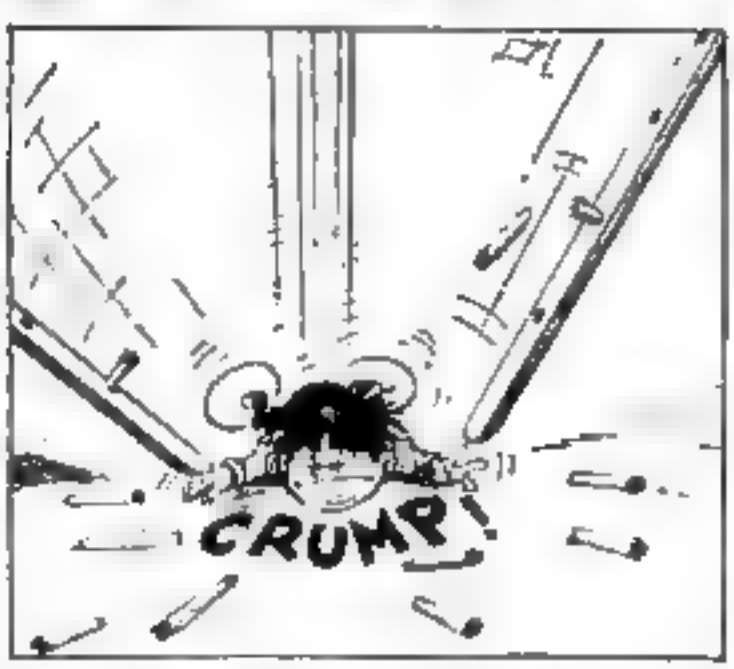
CHOMP!

SICKLY BURP!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH





NEVER—THAT'S MISTER ACKER, THE FORGETFUL MILLIONAIRE—HE LOST HIS MEMORY TWENTY YEARS AGO AND NOW HE CAN'T REMEMBER A THING! HE WON'T EVEN REMEMBER THIS, RON!

MEET . . .

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

DOUBLE up the index finger of your left hand and wrap a bandage round it. Wrap it round good and tight. Now, in your right hand you have got a little box with a lid. (If you haven't got a box, you can easily make one out of an empty matchbox, hinged with Sellotape.) Now for the trick . . . Tell your mates it's all right, you haven't really lost your left hand finger—the hospital let you come away with it! Open the lid of the box—and there's the finger—laying in red stained cotton wool. If anyone faints—you'd better show him how it's done.

And here is how . . .

There's no bottom to the box of course. And your right index finger is packed round with red ink stained cotton wool. Oh, yes, it's your finger, and it's still on your hand—THE ONE YOU'RE HOLDING THE BOX WITH!

PHANTOM SAUSAGE

Dip your two forefingers in ink—or anything black. Now hold them in front of your nose pointing at each other. Don't look at them. Look over them at something far away. And a raw sausage with burnt ends will float before your eyes!

MAGIC SPOT

Some people will swear black is white—but here's your chance to prove that RED is GREEN!

Draw a red spot in the centre of a sheet of white paper. Now ask anyone to stare real hard at it for a few moments—then straight away stare at a piece of blank white paper. They'll see a spot on the blank paper—but it will be green!

THE OBEDIENT MATCHBOX

Take out the tray from a matchbox and make a small, clean hole in each end, lining the holes up opposite one another. Run a length of thin, strong thread through them, making sure the tray will slide easily along it (A).

Now take a piece of card slightly less than the width of the tray but a little longer. Insert this in the tray—as it is longer than the tray, it will bulge upwards. And the curve it makes will do the trick. The thread goes over the curve and is no longer in line with each hole (B).

Now slide on the cover—glue it to the tray if you like. Let one end of the thread lie on the floor and put your foot on it. Take the other end in one hand, using the other hand to hold the box up ready to do the trick (C)

Demonstrate the trick like this:

Let the matchbox slide down the thread. It will do this readily enough so long as you do not hold the thread too tightly. Repeat this. No one will find anything wonderful in that—and tell you so! Start again, saying you can make the box stop still at a word of command. Try and fail—this will invite more comment!

But now make the box stop when you want to—several times, in fact, down the thread. This is quite easy for you, but undetectable—a slight tightening of the thread will do it because inside the box the thread is pulling down on the curved card. Now invite others to tell the box to stop. You can always congratulate those who seem to have the magic power, which you, of course, control — because you are pulling the string!

SEND YOUR TRICK TO:
MR. KNOWALL,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2

FREE!
10 NEW RALEIGH MUSTANG BICYCLES TO BE WON

THREE WEEKS TO GO!

Have you entered yet? If not, there are still three weeks to go with entry coupons in SMASH - WHAM - POW - FANTASTIC - TERRIFIC! Thus, each week you can complete an entry coupon from any or all of the 7 POWER-packed titles!

What is more, you can send your entries in now or, to save postage, you can keep them and send all your entries in together at the end of the contest.

What a FANTASTIC offer! Start entering this TERRIFIC competition now — and as often as you can - POW! WHAM! SMASH! you can win one of our ten super bikes - FREE!

HOW TO ENTER Pictures on the prize are strictly for viewing; What we want is pops at the Facts!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer as a British seaside event. If you could book TEN of the name acts on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN acts you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses.

If you are aged 10 or under you may complete the entries in pencil; older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now so you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgment in selecting the ten acts which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one prize.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon or any copy from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final on all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

— — — — Cut around the broken line — — — —

FREE ENTRY FORM · POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN items you select

Backstage	
Barrie Knight	
Bill Haley	
Bill Nichols	
Billy Fury	
Freddie and the Dreamers	
Gay Byrd	
Lulu	
Mamas and Papas	
Marmalade	
Monkees	
Paul and Barry Ryan	
Peter Blair	
Small Faces	
Sounds	
Stadium	
Tom Jones	
Troggs	
Up Stairs	
Walker Brothers	

AGE ____ NAME (Block letters) ____

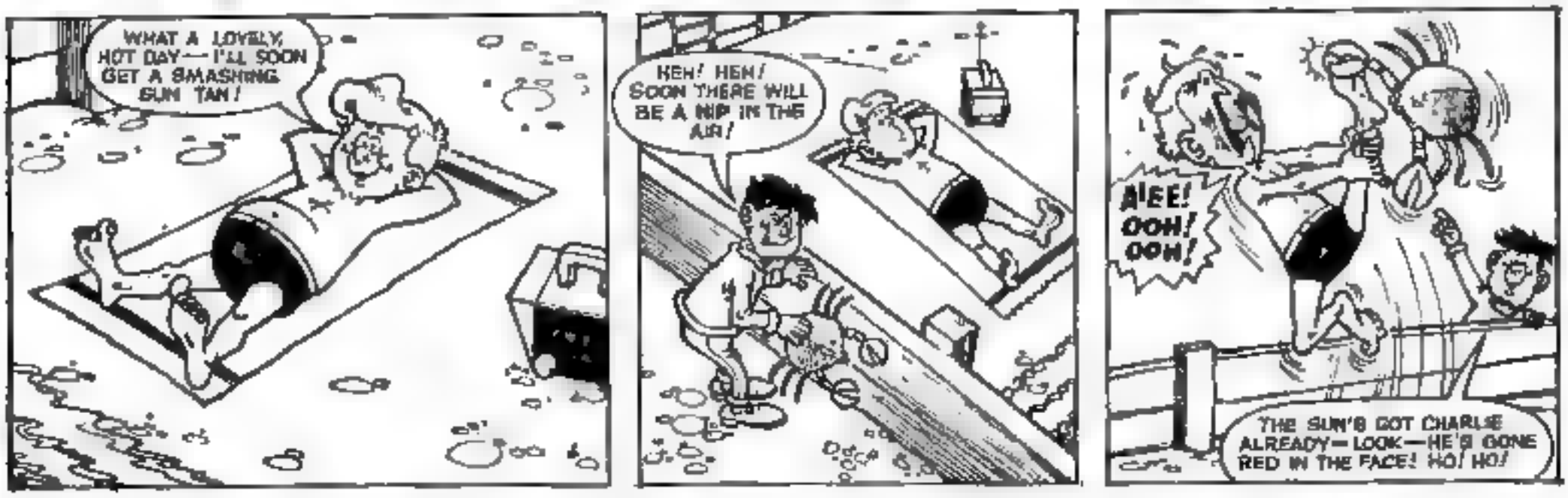
ADDRESS ____

(Block letters) ____

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION, 64 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. D.3-67

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...


WHAT A LOVELY HOT DAY— I'LL SOON GET A SMASHING SUN TAN!
HEH! HEH! SOON THERE WILL BE A NIP IN THE AIR!
AIEE! OOH! OOH!
THE SUN'S GOT CHARLIE ALREADY— LOOK—HE'S GONE RED IN THE FACE! HO! HO!
GRR! YOU CAN BE MY LOOKOUT— TELL ME THE NEXT TIME THAT TWERP COMES NEAR ME!
OKAY, CHARLIE!
SOON...
IT'S BLINKING COLD IN HERE— I MIGHT AS WELL GET A TOUCH OF SUN, TOO!
COO! DONKEY RIDES! CHARLIE CAN LOOK AFTER HIMSELF! I'M GOING TO HAVE A RIDE ON A DONKEY!
DONKEY RIDES 6d.
OH, NO! THAT BULLY'S CAUGHT CHARLIE OUT, AGAIN...
HEH! HEH! CHARLIE'S LOOKING A BIT HOT— I'LL COOL HIM OFF!
AAGH!
BAH! WHERE'S THAT TWERP I ASKED TO KEEP A LOOKOUT!
OH, NO! HE'S COME OUT— HE MUST THINK THIS IS THE WILD WEST!
YAHOO! RIDE HIM, COWBOY!
GRR! COME BACK, YOU CLOT! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY LOOKOUT!
WATCH THIS! I'LL LEAP OUT OF THE SADDLE AND KNOCK HIM OFF HIS HORSE— JUST LIKE THEY DO ON FILMS!
AAGH! CHEAT! YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO DUCK!
WHY NOT? THIS ISN'T A FILM, YOU KNOW!

CLUNK

LATER

I'LL BORROW THIS FOR A TICK, SINBAD, OKAY?

HELP YOURSELF, CHARLIE!

I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME — I'LL LASSO HIM OFF THAT DONKEY!

FLIPPIN' LASSO I'M ALL TIED UP IN KNOTS!

HO! HO! I DON'T THINK CHARLIE WILL EVER MAKE A COWBOY!

EEK! WHO'S HITTING ME?

LASH!

CRACK!

AAGH! THE TWERP'S MADE THE DONKEY THROW ME!

COO! I DID ??!

LOOK OUT CHARLIE, HERE COMES THAT BULLY AGAIN.

HEH! HEH! I'M REALLY GOING TO MAKE CHARLIE **RED** THIS TIME!

OH, NO!

CRUMP!

WELL! WELL! I DON'T THINK THAT COWBOY OR THIS **RED-SKIN** WILL BOTHER ME AGAIN TODAY!

THAT COWBOY DID THE TRICK **AFTER** ALL!

AND SO.

AH! THIS IS THE LIFE! GOOD OLD TELLY!

WIN ALL YOU CAN BUY FOR

£100

100 2nd PRIZES
MOULTON BIKES
Hundreds of other prizes!

Walls

ENTER THIS THRILLING SKY RAY COMPETITION

ALL YOU DO: Study each of the four Doctor Who action pictures below. Then, from the list of ten words on the right, select the four words (one for each picture) that best describe the thrilling battle scenes shown. Enter each word in the space provided on the Entry Form.

ACTION!	STORM!
FIRE!	DEVASTATE!
ASSAULT!	ATTACK!
FIGHT!	STRIKE!
CHARGE!	SHOOT!

1.
Never has there been such a mighty conflict! Roaring through outer space, the Space Raiders scream into battle!
2.
Dr. Who and the Space Raiders face a violent battle to save a planet from the invading scaly monsters!
3.
It's the Daleks again! Dr. Who and the Space Raiders must outwit them once more to save the Space Station!
4.
Braving the deadly rays of the Daleks, Dr. Who and the Space Raiders prepare to defend the Earth from invasion!

RULES

1. Any boy or girl up to the age of 13 years on 31st August, 1967 may enter except employees of T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited and their families and agents.

2. Only one entry may be submitted by each competitor. Entries must be on the official Entry Form or a reasonable facsimile and must be accompanied by one Sky Ray wrapper or a piece of the wrapper bearing the words "Sky Ray". Entries must be addressed to SKY RAY SPACE RAIDERS, DEPT. S.3, T. WALL & SONS (ICE CREAM) LIMITED, WALL'S HOUSE, GLOUCESTER.

3. The winning competitors will be selected by a panel of judges appointed by T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited, whose decision will be final. The judges will select the winning entries from those which, in their opinion, are the most suitable and appropriate. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. You may enter the Competition as many times as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by a Sky Ray wrapper or a piece of the wrapper bearing the words "Sky Ray". Wrappers need not be sent with each entry.

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES: 30th SEPTEMBER, 1967

ENTRY FORM

Fill in this Entry Form, cut around the dotted line and send it with a Sky Ray wrapper with the completed Entry Form to SKY RAY SPACE RAIDERS, DEPT. S.3, T. WALL & SONS (ICE CREAM) LIMITED, WALL'S HOUSE, GLOUCESTER

Picture 1 WORD: _____ Picture 2 WORD: _____

Picture 3 WORD: _____ Picture 4 WORD: _____

Now write in not more than twelve words your idea of the ideal ice lolly.

NAME _____ AGE (on 1st August, 1967) _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ COUNTY _____

I certify that this entry is the unaided work of the above and that he/she agrees to abide by the rules of the Competition.

SIGNED _____ Parent or Guardian

NOTE: To avoid spoiling your comic you can get an Entry Form from your Wall's shop. Wall's Dr. Who Space Adventure Book will be on sale there, too!

BLOCK CAPITALS

Entries to be received by 30th September, 1967

SMASH-CHAT!

Come on, write to us — you might win £1... Alf and Cos, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In Smash, readers complain about the Hulk's pseudo-American or Chinese accent. But I find, and I'm sure that other readers would agree with me, that it adds to the excitement of reading one of the best, action-packed stories in one of the best Power Comics.

Gary Heatherington,
Lisburn, Co. Antrim.

P.S.: Grimly Feendish is quite good. But occasionally he is not up to Smash standard. Please try and do something about this.

Oh? Grimly not up to standard (even occasionally)!! Why the old Crook! He should be jailed for that!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I wonder sometimes if you two were ever doctors or surgeons because in both your comics, Wham and Smash (of which Smash is the greatest), you have a story about someone's body, i.e. Geordie's Germs and Fatty's Nerve. Did you ever have any ideas of being doctors? I hope this letter doesn't give you ideas, because Smash just wouldn't be Smashing without you!

Terry Mitchell,
Hove, Sussex.

P.S.: All your Power Comics are the greatest.

Sorry, we're not doctors—we're just a couple of old Quacks—er—Hacks! At least, we thought we were—till we read your honeyed words of praise, Shucks!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

What about a full-scale battle between the Incredible Hulk and Tuffy McGrew? Now that would be somethin', wouldn't it?!

M. Meekley,
Carlisle, Cumberland.

P.S. How about Batman gettin' rid of soppy old Alfred?

'Fraid Tuffy won't be able to test his strength against Gl Greenskin, this week, chum, even if he wanted to, 'cos he's had to go fishing with his dad! Hey, and old Alfred is surely NOT as soppy as you think! Don't you remember, back in Smash 57, how he helped Robin send a pack of crooks runnin', while Batman was dealing with Poison Ivy?!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Why don't you devote more of your comic, say half, to Batman, and why don't you print a story on the origin of him? Boy, I wonder what the police would say if they saw a REAL Batman. They would probably take him for a Baddie, and what is he supposed to work at to earn all that money?

The Hulk is great, and I think that you should use some more space for him, because once I glue my eyes to his stories I stay there, and then when I get to the end, I look up my old copies. Please print this letter, and please answer those questions I asked you about Batman.

Billy Welson,
Cookstown.

We thought everyone (even the police!) knew that Batman is really Bruce Wayne, a millionaire, whose hobby is crime-fighting. You see, even millionaires have to fill in their spare time somehow.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I've got you at last! You're nailed dead to rights! I spotted a "boo-boo" in Smash 73. You said in the Letters Page that Giant-Man controls his height by using his cybernetic helmet (when he is as Ant-Man). That's wrong. In Wham 157, Ant-Man changed his height by using a gas pill. Heh! Heh! By the way, if Mr. Fantastic washes 55 times, will he still stretch like new? Okay, okay, but I still love you!

John Mimnagh,
Dublin.

You're dead right, John, Giant-Man did change his height by using a shrinking gas pill—but so are we! If you refer back to Smash 47 you will see, in the Giant-Man "extra," that by wearing his cybernetic helmet he is able to use the normally untapped power of his brain to change his size at will.

Alf and Cos.

THE INCREDIBLE HULK...

BATTLES THE HULK KILLER!

RICK JONES DASHES THROUGH THE CORDON OF BEWILDERED TROOPS AS *THE HULK* IS BATTERED TO THE GROUND BY THE MONSTROUS HUMANOID!

BUT THEN UNABLE TO STOP HIMSELF IN TIME THE EXECUTIONER ENCOUNTERS DISASTER—

THOK!

—UHHHHHH!—

RICK—!

AT THAT FATEFUL INSTANT AN INSCRUTABLE FATE STEPS IN — AS THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF SEEING HIS FRIEND INJURED CAUSES THE WORLD'S MOST INCREDIBLE GAMMA TRANSFORMATION TO OCCUR ONCE MORE.

I'M CHANGING! GOTTA HIDE MY WEAKER SELF — WHAT'S HAPPENING?! I CAN FEEL IT NOW!

I'M TURNING BACK TO BRUCE BANNER!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1987

THEN, AS THE HUMANOID STANDS IDLY BY, POISED FOR HIS NEXT MOVE —

RICK! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHY DO YOU RUN BETWEEN US THAT WAY?

HE'S NOT HURT, BANNER! MERELY STUNNED!

BRUCE! IT'S YOU!

TRIED TO HELP — TO GET YOU TO RUN AWAY—

NOW THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT! THE HULK ISN'T A MONSTER— HE NEVER WAS! HE WAS ALWAYS YOU!

—UHHH! FEEL LIKE I BEEN KICKED BY A MULE!

MAJOR! THE HUMANOID'S STARTING TO ADVANCE TOWARDS US!

ALERT THE ARMOURED GUN CREW! PREPARE FOR ATTACK!

WAIT! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS — TOO RANDOM! THERE MAY BE A BETTER WAY!

WHAT'LL WE DO, SIR?

BILLY! HAVE YOUR MEN KEEP THE HUMANOID OFF-BALANCE, FOR AS LONG AS THEY CAN!

ALL RIGHT, BANNER! BUT YOU'D BETTER COME UP WITH SOMETHING FAST!

I WILL — PROVIDED THEY HAVEN'T YET REMOVED THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT FROM THE TRUCK BEHIND MINE!

YOU HEARD THE MAN! SURROUND THE HULK-KILLER! KEEP FIRING AT HIM! BUT DON'T GET TOO CLOSE!

YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT, BRUCE! YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW THE WORLD WHAT I ALREADY KNOW! THAT YOU'RE NOT A MENACE! YOU'RE ON THE SIDE OF MANKIND!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THE HUMANOID! HE'S NOT ALIVE! HE'S BASICALLY A MACHINE!

AND ANY MACHINE CAN BE MANOEUVRED! SEE!

EKIN! TELL THE GENERAL TO LINE UP AS MANY TECHNICIANS AS HE CAN SPARE WHO KNOW THEIR JOB — AND CAN MOVE FAST!

I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, BLAST IT! I'LL GET THE MAN!

BUT WHAT'S YOUR PLAN? WHAT CAN YOU DO THAT ALL OUR WEAPONS COULDN'T?

THE HUMANOID IS MORE THAN A GIANT, INDESTRUCTIBLE MENACE, GENERAL! HE'S THE CREATION OF ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUSLY BRILLIANT BRAINS THAT EVER LIVED!

AND, THE WAY TO FIGHT SUCH LIGHT MERELY BY BRUTE FORCE — BUT BY APPLYING SOME UNEXPECTED COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE!

ALL RIGHT, HUSTLER! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE! AND, FOR MINE SAKE I HOPE IT WORKS!

WHILE, A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY—

SKRAK

IT'S LIKE SHOOTING INTO A BACK-DROP — AND HE DOESN'T FEEL A THING!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GETTING READY TO ATTACK US!

WHATEVER BANNER'S GONNA DO — HE BETTER DO IT FAST!

BOOM! HE'S TOSSIN' THAT HUNK OF IRON AT US LIKE IT'S A PEBBLE!

BOOM!

WOW! IF THAT THING EVER CONNECTED--!

WHERE'S BANNER? WHAT'S HE DOIN' IN THERE?

AND, IN ANSWER TO THAT DESPERATE QUESTION--

OKAY! THIS IS WHAT I NEED! NOW GET THOSE TECHNICIANS OUT OF HERE! THE HUMANOID'S COMING!

YOU TOO! TAKE OFF!

THE OTHERS ARE GONE--BUT I'M STAYING, BANNER! YOU MAY NEED ME!

I'M IN CHARGE HERE, M'STER! I DON'T ASK ANY MAN TO FACE WHAT I WOULDN'T FACE!

THEN STAY BEHIND ME! I'VE GOT TO LIFT THIS OVER HIS HEAD!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE THREE OF US TOGETHER COULDN'T EVEN BUDGE IT!

NO--BUT THE HULK CAN!

BUT YOU'RE NOT THE HULK ANY MORE! YOU'RE BANNER! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

I HOPE SO! IT'S WHAT I'M COUNTING ON!

I'VE GOT TO GET MAD ENOUGH, IN THE NEXT TWO SECONDS, TO INCREASE MY PULSE RATE--!

IT'S HAPPENING! I CAN FEEL IT! STAND BACK! BACK! BACK!

I KNEW--THE SIGHT OF HIM--WOULD DO IT--!

NOW--IF ONLY--I CAN--REMEMBER--

--REMEMBER--WHAT I'M SUPPOSED--TO DO--?

THE MACHINE! YOU WANTED TO LIFT IT OVER HIS HEAD!

MACHINE! THAT'S RIGHT! MUST GET MACHINE!

LOOK! HE'S LIFTING IT! AS THOUGH IT'S WEIGHTLESS!

WHATEVER BANNER DID TO IT--IT'S LOADED WITH POWER!

MUST LIFT IT--OVER HEAD--

THE HUMANOID LOOKS CONFUSED!--DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN NEXT!!

HE'S LEAPING--CARRYING IT WITH HIM!

HE'S BLASTING THE MULE-KILLER WITH SOME SORT OF HIGH-VOLTAGE CURRENT!!

NOW I UNDERSTAND! HE'S SHORT-CIRCUITING HIM!

BUT THE FEED-BACK WAS JUST AS STRONG--AND THE HULK CAUGHT THE FULL BLAST!

BETTY! CAN YOU HEAR ME? TURN OFF THE CURRENT! MURPH'S GIRL--GET THAT CURRENT OFF!

IT'S OVER! THE HUMANOID IS ANNIHILATED--HIS ELECTRONIC CIRCUITS ARE DESTROYED!

THE HULK SAVED US--FROM OUR OWN FOLLY!

HE--HE'S LYING SO STILL! GLENN--IS--IS HE--??

HE'S STILL BREATHING, BETTY! HE'S ALIVE!

BUT, IF HE REVERTS BACK TO BANNER--THEN MY CHAIN IS OF EVER WINNING YOU ARE--FOREVER NEAR!

I'LL SEND FOR THE MEDICS! HE MUST PULL THROUGH!

TAKE OVER, MAJOR!

MEANWHILE UNNOTICED IN ALL THE CONFUSION, ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES HAS WITNESSED THE ENTIRE TABLEAU--

IF HE RECOVERS FROM THIS, HE'LL EMERGE A HERO!

BUT, NOT FOR LONG!

NOT AFTER BOOMERANG'S FINISHED WITH HIM!

AND, THIS TIME, I KNOW THE PERFECT, FOOL-PROOF WAY TO DISPOSE OF THE HULK--WITH NO CHANCE OF FAILURE!

ALL I NEED DO IS BIDE MY TIME--

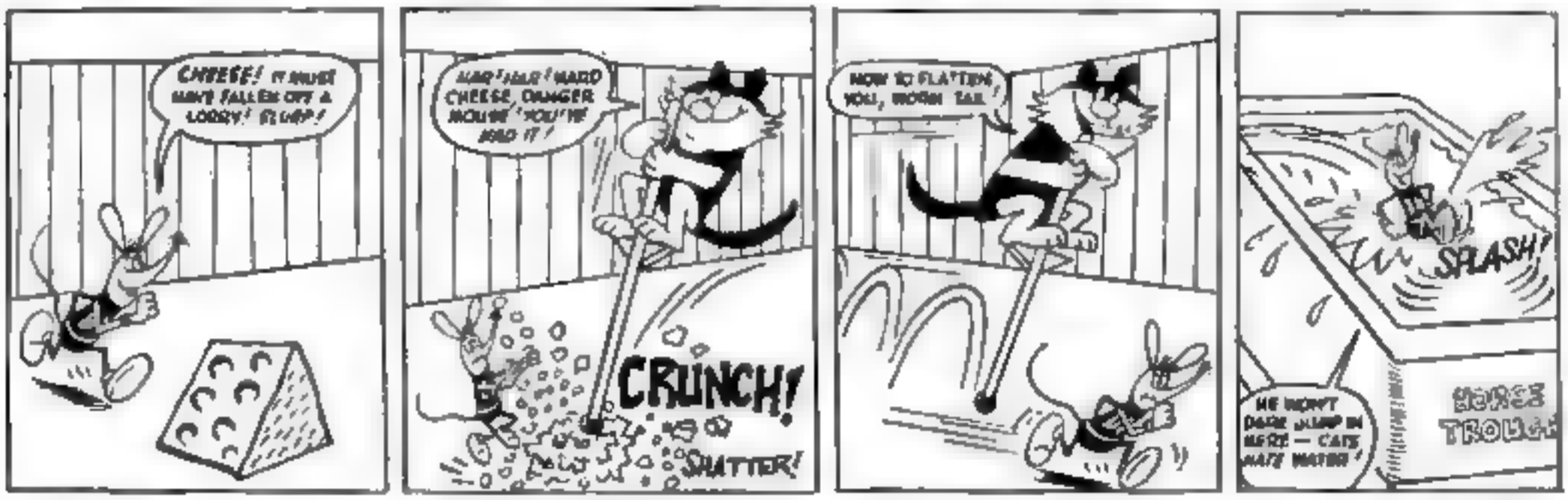
--AND WAIT TO STRIKE--WAIT UNTIL HE HAS CHANGED BACK--TO THE POWERLESS BRUCE BANNER!

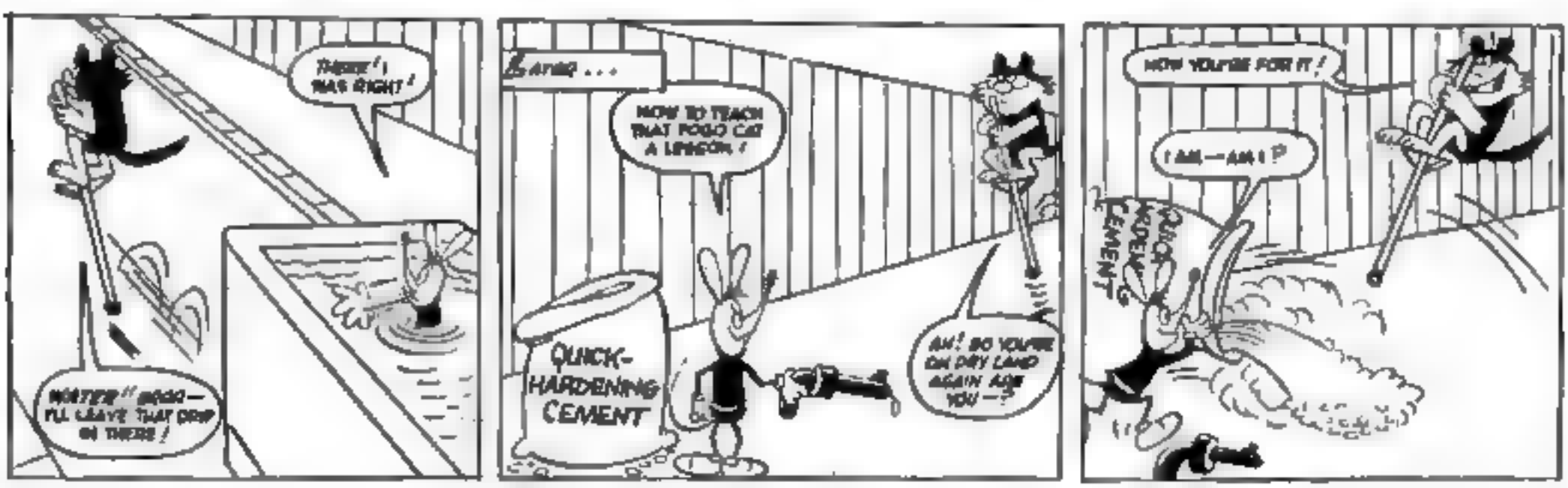
HULKINUED

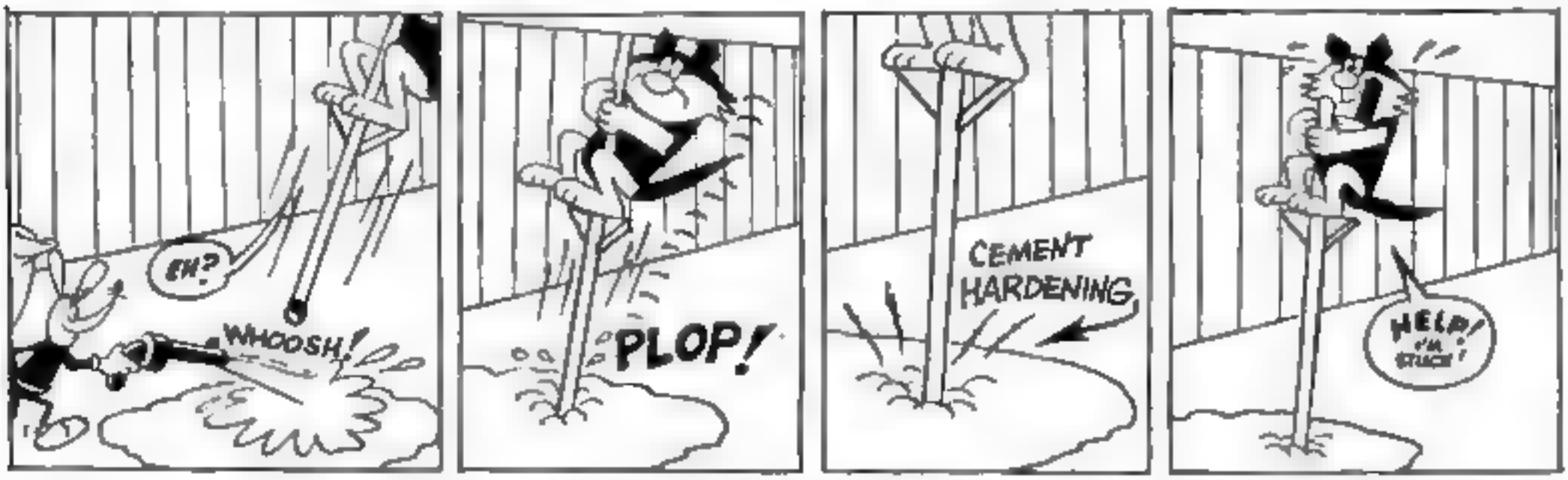
NEXT ISH!

DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

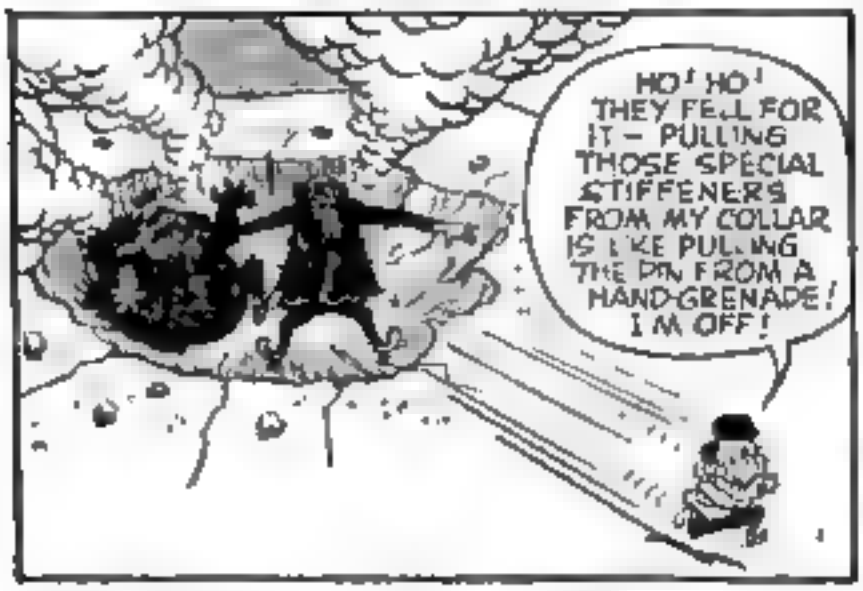

CHEESE! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF A LORRY! YUMP!
AHA! HELLO! HARD CHEESE, DANGER MOUSE! YOU'VE BEEN HIT!
CRUNCH!
SHATTER!
NOW TO FLATTEN YOU, WORM TAIL
SPLASH!
HE WON'T DARE JUMP IN HERE — CATS HATE WATER!
DANGER TROUGH


THERE! I WAS RIGHT!
WATER!! BRRR— I'LL LEAVE THAT DRIP IN THERE!
AHA! . . .
HOW TO TEACH THAT POGO CAT A LESSON!
QUICK-HARDENING CEMENT
AH! SO YOU'RE ON DRY LAND AGAIN ARE YOU—?
NOW YOU'RE FOR IT!
I AM—AM I?
QUICK-HARDENING CEMENT



THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE MAN FROM BUNGLE – POOR FISH HAS BEEN CAUGHT BY DR. GOOLE AND THAT FOUL FIEND HAS VOWED TO FILLET HIM! WE KNOW LARRY IS SPINELESS – BUT HE MUST HAVE SOME BONES – SOMEWHERE!
ER – YOU COULD START BY TAKING THE BONE-STIFFENERS FROM MY SHIRT COLLAR! G-GULP!



3D OFF

HELP! HELP! OLD GOOLE MUST'VE PINCHED THAT LION OFF A GIANT-SIZED EGG! I'VE GOT TO HIDE!

OFF

WHERE IS HE? SLURP! I DON'T LIKE MY DIN-DINS GOING OFF! SLURP! SLURP!

OH, HECK! LEO'S DONE IT NOW! THAT SALIVA WILL ACTIVATE THE SOAP!

DROOL!

WHAT'S SO STRANGE ABOUT THIS? WELL— EACH BAR OF OLD GOOLE'S FIENDISH SOAP PRODUCES 3,000 FEET OF SUFFOCATING LATHER, UGH!

???

BURBLE!

GLOOP!

FROTH!

G-GULP! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE LOT WILL BE LATHERING SOON!

GRAAGH!

GASP!

CHOKE!

THERE'S ENOUGH FIENDISH LATHER IN THERE TO SMOTHER A SMALL TOWN!

FROTH!

FIZ!

GLOOP!

PHEW! I JUST MADE IT — AND I RECKON THAT WILL PUT A STOP TO DR. GOOLE'S DIABOLICAL SCHEME!

AAGH! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! HE'S FOOLED ME!

GLUG!

BURBLE!

CHEER UP, BOSS — BORIS WILL SAVE YOU!

GASP! GASP!

POP!

WAAGH!

THERE NOW — WE'LL GET HIM NEXT TIME, BOSS! HE CAN'T BE LUCKY ALL THE TIME!

WHIRR!

CHUG!

GOO! GOO! BOO! HOO! GOO! GOO!

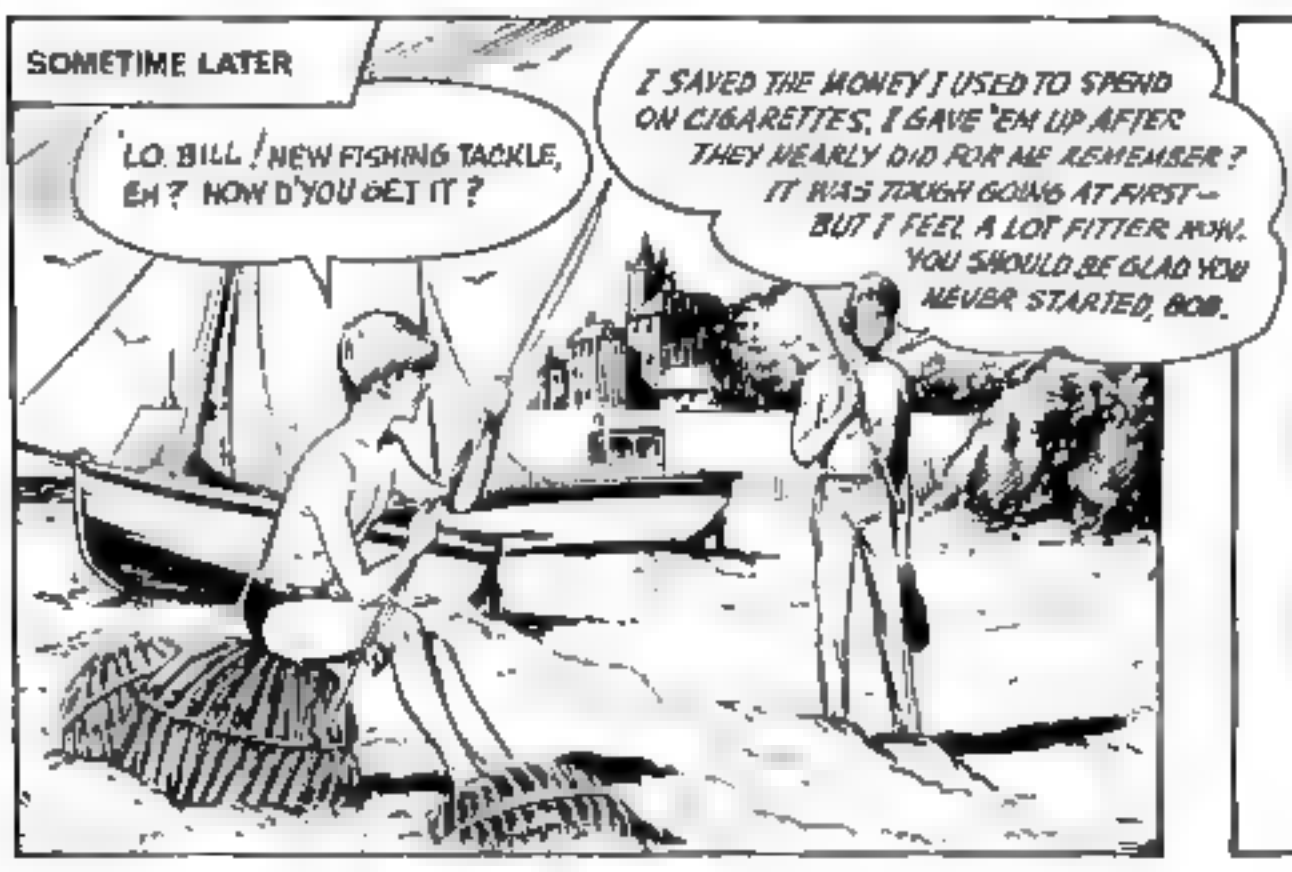
BACK HOME...

ME? LUCKY? IT'S SHEER BRILLIANCE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

BUNGLE'S IN THE SOUP NEXT WEEK!

Bill learns the hard way

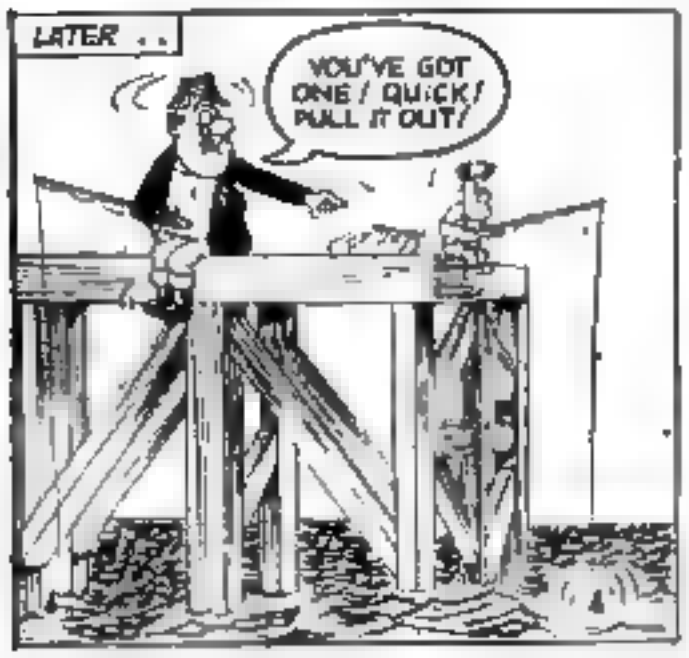
WHY DOES A TOUGH EGG LIKE YOU SMOKE SO MUCH, BILL ?
JUST HABIT. I'VE TRIED TO GIVE 'EM UP, BUT I CAN'T !
STORM COMING UP— WE'D BETTER GET BACK !
I'LL NEVER MAKE IT ..! I'M WINDED..
I CAN'T HOLD YOU MUCH LONGER! YOU'RE TOO . HEAVY. FOR ME ..!
THANKS, JOHNNY ! I THOUGHT I'D HAD IT THAT TIME I JUST DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH BREATH LEFT !
THAT COMES OF SMOKING, BILL IT'S A MUGS GAME

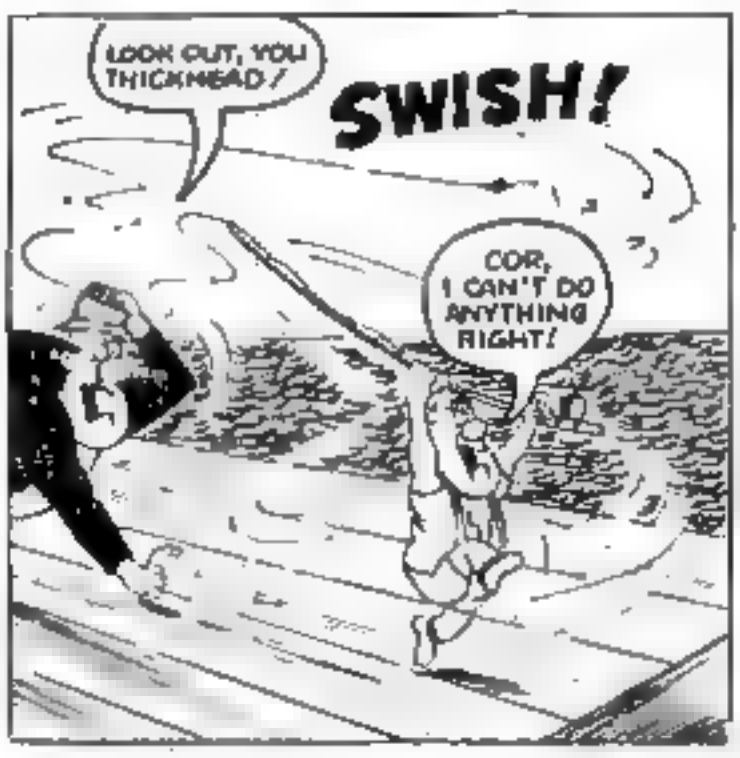

SOMETIME LATER
'LO, BILL ! NEW FISHING TACKLE, EH ? HOW D'YOU GET IT ?
I SAVED THE MONEY I USED TO SPEND ON CIGARETTES. I GAVE 'EM UP AFTER THEY NEARLY DID FOR ME REMEMBER ? IT WAS TOUGH GOING AT FIRST— BUT I FEEL A LOT FITTER NOW. YOU SHOULD BE GLAD YOU NEVER STARTED, BOB.

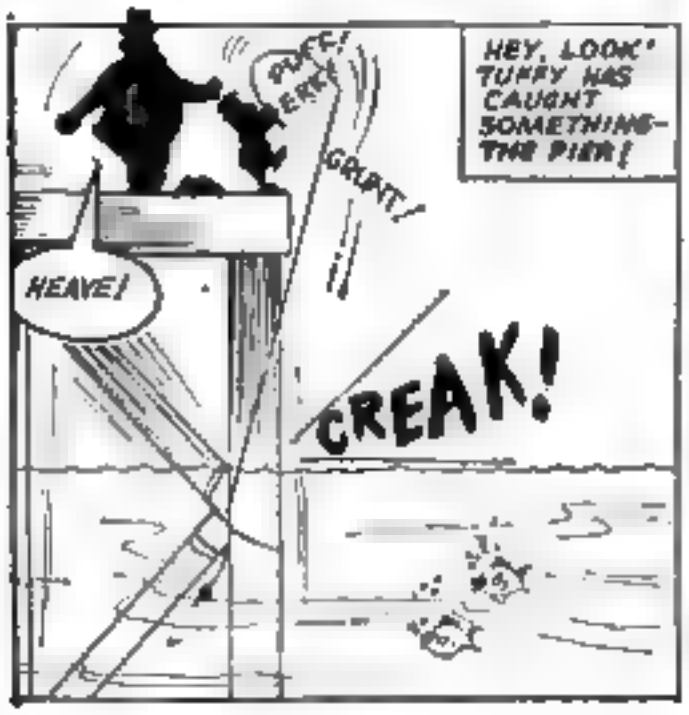
Cigarettes harm your health

THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

TUFFY McGREW







IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

JOIN RUBBERMAN IN A BRAND-NEW, POWER PACKED ADVENTURE NOW...!!

THE UNBELIEVABLE, THE INCREDIBLE NIGHTMARE BEGAN ONE PEACEFUL, TYPICAL MID MORNING IN WEST CITY, U.S.A

DID YOU HEAR ON THE RADIO THAT RUBBERMAN IS TRAVELLING TO THE STATES?

YEAH! AND THE LOCAL NETWORK SAID HE WAS LANDING AT WEST CITY AIRPORT THIS MORNING.

INSIDE A GARAGE...

RUBBERMAN'S ASTONISHING POWERS ARE KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD. BUT HERE, IN WEST CITY, WE ASK OURSELVES WHY HAS THIS AMAZING MAN DECIDED TO VISIT US...?

THE PAPERS SAID HE WAS SEARCHING FOR THIS INDIAN FAKIR GUY WHO PUT THIS CURSE ON HIM AND TURNED HIM INTO RUBBER..!

THEN.

DOES HE THINK THIS FAKIR IS HERE? I'D SURE LIKE TO SEE HIM BEFORE HE...

WHA... WHAT? LOOK, JOE! LOOK!

A POWERFUL ENGINE HAS BELLOWED INTO LIFE

IT'S STARTED UP ON ITS OWN!

IT'S MOVED ITSELF INTO GEAR AND THERE'S NO-ONE IN IT!

IT... IT'S GOING TO RUN US DOWN!

WE CAN'T GET AWAY! WE'RE TOO LATE! AAAH-AAAAHH!

AT THAT MOMENT AT WEST CITY AIRPORT..

BOY, THIS IS SOMETHING TO TELL THE KIDS. I'M ACTUALLY GOING TO SEE A MAN MADE OF RUBBER!

!

LOOK! SEE WHAT HE'S DOING?!!

TAXI! GET ME AWAY FROM HERE! PLEASE!

A FREAK! THAT'S WHAT I AM TO EVERYONE. AN INDIA RUBBER FREAK!

WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO... ER MISTER... ER, RUBBERMAN?

A HOTEL! ANY HOTEL! AS LONG AS IT'S QUIET AND AWAY FROM THE CROWDS!

I NEED TIME TO THINK, TO PLAN MY NEXT MOVE!

SUDDENLY, FROM A BUILDING SITE

STOP IT! IT'S GOING TO CRASH OUT INTO THE STREET!

ROARRRRR!

IT WAS JUST STANDING THERE. NO ONE WAS EVEN NEAR IT. THEN IT JUST STARTED UP... ON ITS OWN!

THE GRAB- IT'S LOWERING ITSELF! AND IT'S ATTACKING THAT BUS!

AAHHH!

CRKH!

IT'S CRUSHING IT! GET AWAY FROM HERE!

RUN! RUN!

AGAIN THE GIANT CLAWS SWING...

IT'S COMING OUR WAY...! JUMP, RUBBERMAN, JUMP!

BUT BEFORE RUBBERMAN CAN FOLLOW THE TERRIFIED TAXI-DRIVER...

HE'S INSIDE. RUBBERMAN'S STILL INSIDE MY CAB! HE'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH...

BUT A MAN MADE OF RUBBER IS NOT EASILY CRUSHED...

WHOEVER'S IN THERE — I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! HE MUST BE INSANE!

THERE'S NO-ONE OPERATING IT! BUT... AT LEAST I CAN SWITCH IT OFF...!

BUT...

I'M MOVING THE CONTROLS! BUT NOTHING HAPPENS! I CAN'T STOP IT!

AND A MOMENT LATER...

ANOTHER ONE! ANOTHER MACHINE'S COME TO LIFE...!

A MASSIVE WEIGHT, USED FOR DEMOLISHING OLD BUILDINGS, FLAILS THROUGH THE AIR...

CRASH!

IT'S ATTACKING THAT OTHER CRANE!

IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE! THAT SECOND CRANE KNEW RUBBERMAN WAS IN THAT CAB! THESE MACHINES CAN THINK FOR THEMSELVES!

MACHINES THAT COME TO LIFE AND CAN REASON ON THEIR OWN?! WHAT'S IT ALL LEADING TO? TUNE IN NEXT WEEK, IF YOU DARE!

THE NERVS

YOU'RE ALWAYS SPILLING GRUB ALL OVER THE FLOOR— SO YOU CAN SCRUB IT!

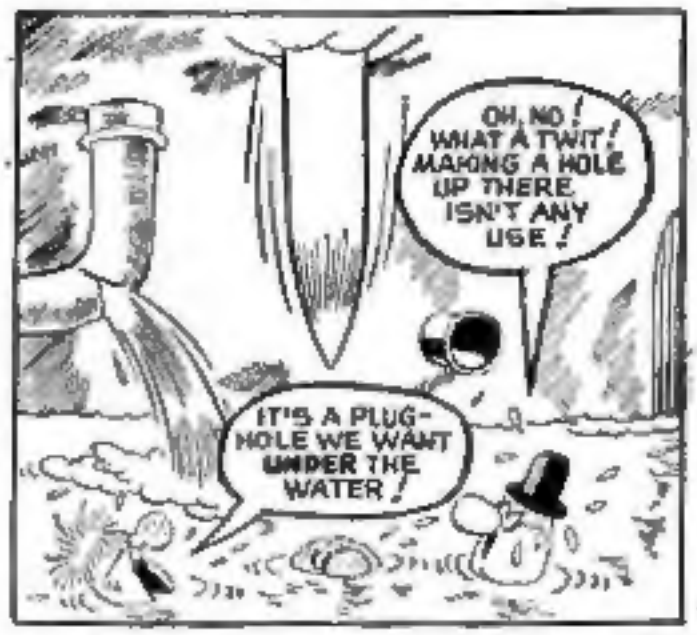
WHAT A FATE FOR A LAD— I'LL GET HOUSE-MAID'S KNEE WITH THIS!
YOU'LL GET THE BACK OF A HOUSEMAID'S HAND ROUND YOUR EAR-HOLE IF YOU DON'T!

HEH! HEH! I THOUGHT THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD— NOW I WON'T HAVE TO CLEAN THE FLOOR THIS WEEK!

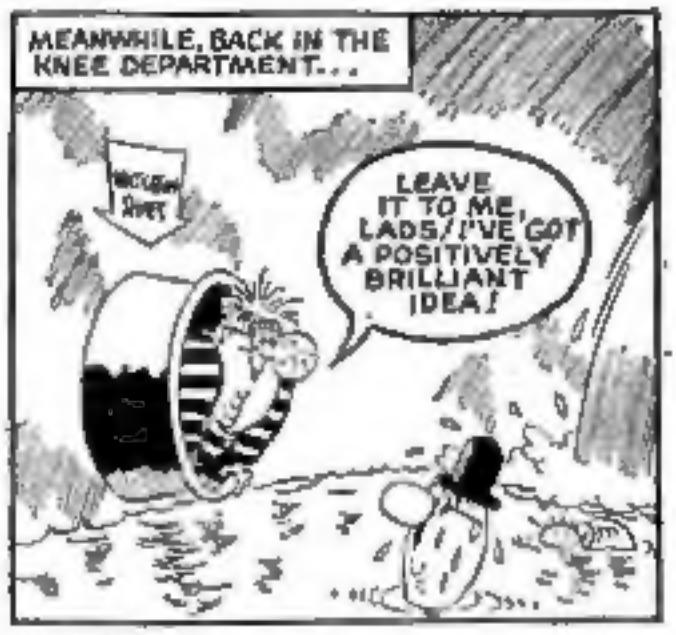
MINUTES LATER...
I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! LOOK AT IT—I'VE GOT WATER ON THE KNEE!

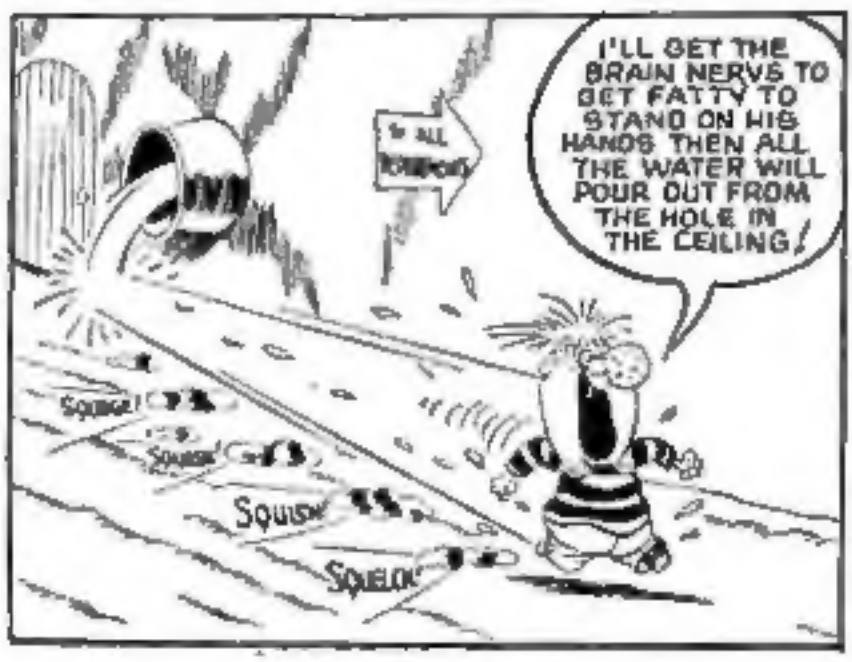
KNEE
SLOOSH!
WAA-AAH! FATTY'S FLOODED THE KNEE DEPARTMENT!
HELP
ALL THAT PRESSURE ON HIS KNEES BURST THE WATER PIPES!

I'LL GIVE MY KNEE A PRICK—GULP— AND RELEASE ALL THE WATER! I'VE STERILISED IT!


OH, NO! WHAT A TWIT! MAKING A HOLE UP THERE ISN'T ANY USE!
IT'S A PLUG-HOLE WE WANT UNDER THE WATER!

IT DIDN'T WORK! NOTHING'S COME OUT SOB!


MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE KNEE DEPARTMENT...
LEAVE IT TO ME, LADS! I'VE GOT A POSITIVELY BRILLIANT IDEA!


I'LL GET THE BRAIN NERVS TO GET FATTY TO STAND ON HIS HANDS THEN ALL THE WATER WILL POUR OUT FROM THE HOLE IN THE CEILING!
SQUISH
SQUISH
SQUISH
SQUELCH

BUT...
NOT ON YOUR NELLIE, NEDDY! WE DON'T WANT THE PLACE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN! HOP IT!
AAGH! ROTTERS!

GRR! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THEM BIGHEADS IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT, SITTING IN THERE AS DRY AS A BONE!

YEOW! A BONE!— THAT'S IT!

HEH! HEH! I'VE BORROWED FATTY'S SPARE COLLAR BONE!

BRAIN DEPT

EVERYTHING'S WORKING FINE! FATTY'S GOT SO MUCH PUPPY FAT HE WON'T MISS ONE PUPPY FAT NERV-

SNIFF!

OUTSIDE THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

THERE YOU ARE, FIDO! IN YOU GO!

WOOF! WOOF!

AAGH! WATCH THAT TAIL!

CHOMP!

IT'S GOT ME!

THAT WAS DELICIOUS! BURP!

HO! HO! IT WORKED A TREAT— NOW TO GET FATTY TO STAND ON HIS HANDS!

BRAIN CONTROL MACHINE

THAT SHOULD DO IT!

STAND ON HANDS

I MUST BE GOING MAD ALL OF A SUDDEN! I WANT TO STAND ON MY HANDS!

STAND ON HANDS

HUP WE GO!

AND IN THE KNEE DEPARTMENT... UPSIDE DOWN—

COO! THE WATER'S GOING DOWN THE HOLE MADE BY FATTY'S PIN!

KNEE SINK

GLOOP!

SOON BE ALL GONE, NOW!

AND SO...

? ? ?

IF YOU WANT TO GET RID OF WATER ON THE KNEE, MUM— STAND ON YOUR HANDS! IT NEVER FAILS!

INCHMAN

Prevents pile-ups, calls out Dinky Police Accident Unit

Heading homeward from a fast escort assignment in his Dinky Motorway Police car, Inchman hits gale force cross winds on a long stretch of open road...

HERE'S WHERE DISC BRAKES PAY OFF. I HOPE THE DRIVERS O.K
AFTER A FAST BEND INCHMAN SEES AN OVERTURNED FURNITURE VAN BLOCKING THE ROAD. HE BRAKES HARD

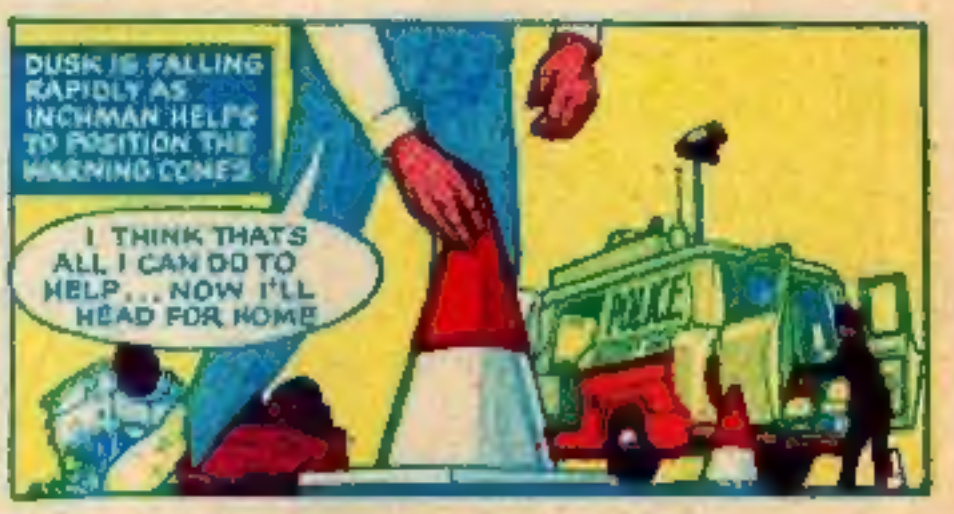
THE DRIVER NEEDS HELP.. HIS RIGHT LEG BADLY HURT... INCHMAN TURNS HIS DINKY D B 6, PARKS WITH HEADLIGHTS FULL ON TO WARN TRAFFIC, RUNS TO A NEARBY PHONE AND DIALS 999

HOP IN, INCHMAN. THANKS FOR YOUR CALL. THAT VAN COULD HAVE CAUSED TONS OF TROUBLE.
AS SOON AS INCHMAN HAS GIVEN THE POLICE FULL DETAILS THE ACCIDENT UNIT SPEEDS TO MEET HIM.
THE NEW DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT IS AN AUTHENTIC COLOURS, HAS JEWELLED HEADLIGHTS, A POLICE DRIVER AND A HINGED SIDE LOADING DOOR...

THE DRIVER JUMPS DOWN FOLLOWED BY INCHMAN AND A SECOND POLICEMAN
POLICE
HERE IT IS, BOYS!
THE DINKY ACCIDENT UNIT HAS A SLIDING DRIVERS DOOR

THE DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT HAS OPENING REAR DOORS, POLICE WARNING SIGNS IN BLUE AND WHITE, AND FOUR ORANGE-TIPPED WARNING CONES.
WE'LL SOON HAVE THE SIGNS OUT!
THE AMBULANCE AND BREAKDOWN VAN ARE ON THE WAY...

WE'LL NEED MORE LIGHT WHEN THE BREAK-DOWN VAN GETS HERE.
POLICE
THE ACCIDENT UNIT HAS A ROOF MOUNTED SPOTLIGHT WHICH IS ON A REVOLVING TELESCOPIC STAND


DUSK IS FALLING RAPIDLY AS INCHMAN HELPS TO POSITION THE WARNING CONES
I THINK THAT'S ALL I CAN DO TO HELP... NOW I'LL HEAD FOR HOME
POLICE

THE *DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT* HAS REAL-LIFE COLOURS AND MARKINGS, JEWELLED HEADLIGHTS, ROOF SIGN AND LIGHT, RADIO AERIAL, SUSPENSION, ROOF SPOTLIGHT, SLIDING DRIVERS DOOR, HINGE-OPEN SIDE LOADING DOOR, OPENING REAR DOORS, WARNING CONES AND FOLDING WARNING SIGNS.

JOIN IN THE THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT OF INCHMAN'S ADVENTURES WITH YOUR OWN ACTION-PACKED

DINKY POLICE ACCIDENT UNIT

ASK FOR MODEL Nº 257 PRICE 13/11d

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS.

Precision die-cast scale models made by Meccano Ltd. and sold by Harrods, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges and all good toy shops